

THE  
REHEARSAL,

As it was Acted at the

Theatre-Royal.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the *White-Lyon*,  
next *Chancery-lane* end in *Fleet-*  
*street.* 1 6 7 3:

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street. 1673.

# PROLOGUE.

**W**E might well call this short Mock-play of ours  
 A Posie made of Weeds instead of Flowers ;  
 Yet such have been presented to your noses,  
 And there are such, I fear, who thought 'em Roses.  
 Would some of 'em were here, to see, this night,  
 What stuff it is in which they took delight.  
 Here, brisk, inspid Blades, for wit, let fall  
 Sometimes dull sence ; but oft'ner, none at all :  
 There, strutting Heroes, with a grim-fac'd train,  
 Shall brave the Gods, in King Cambyles vein.  
 For ( changing Rules, of late, as if men writ  
 In spite of Reason, Nature, Art and Wit )  
 Our Poets make us laugh at Tragædy,  
 And with their Comedies they make us cry.  
 Now, Critiques, do your worst, that here are met ;  
 For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.  
 If you approve ; I shall assume the state  
 Of those high-flyers whom I imitate :  
 And justly too, for I will shew you more  
 Than ever they vouchsaf'd to shew before :  
 I will both represent the feats they do,  
 And give you all their reasons for 'em too.  
 Some honour to me will from this arise.  
 But if, by my endeavours, you grow wise,  
 And what was once so prais'd you now despise ;  
 Then I'll cry out, swell'd with Poetique rage,  
 'Tis I, John Lacy, have reform'd your Stage.

The

Advantage of Men and Women

Scene Break

THE

## *The Actors Names.*

**B***Ayes.*  
*Johnson.*

*Smith.*

Two Kings of *Brentford.*

Prince *Pretty-man.*

Prince *Volscius.*

Gentleman *Usher.*

Physician.

*Drawcansir.*

General.

Lieutenant General.

*Cordelio.*

*Tom Thimble.*

Fisherman.

Sun.

Thunder.

Players.

Souldiers.

Two Heralds.

Four Cardinals.

Mayor.

Judges.

Serjeants at Arms.

### *Women.*

*Amaryllis.*

*Cloris.*

*Parthenope.*

*Pallas.*

Lightning.

Moon.

Earth.

Attendants of Men and Women.

Scene *Brentford.*

**THE**





# THE REHEARSAL.

## ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

*Johnson and Smith.*

*Johns.* **H**onest *Frank*! I'm glad to see thee with all my heart: how long hast thou been in Town?

*Smi.* Faith, not above an hour: and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the strange new things we have heard in the Country.

*Johns.* And, by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the impertinent, dull, fantastical things, we are tir'd out with here.

*Smi.* Dull and fantastical! that's an excellent composition. Pray, what are our men of business doing?

*Johns.* I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou knowest my humour lyes another way. I love to please my self as much, and to trouble others as little as I can: and therefore do naturally avoid the company of those solemn Fops; who, being incapable of Reason, and insensible of Wit and Pleasure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of Business.

# The Rehearsal.

*Smi.* Indeed, I have ever observed, that your grave lookers are the dullest of men.

*Johns.* I, and of Birds, and Beasts too: your gravest Bird is an Owl, and your gravest Beast is an Ass.

*Smi.* Well; but how dost thou pass thy time?

*Johns.* Why, as I use to do; eat and drink as well as I can, have a She-friend to be private with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a Play: where there are such things (*Frank*) such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the Stage, and resolve to apply my self to the solid nonsense of your pretenders to Business, as the more ingenious pastime.

*Smi.* I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays, and our Country-wits commend 'em.

*Johns.* I, so do some of our City-wits too; but they are of the new kind of Wits.

*Smi.* New kind? what kind is that?

*Johns.* Why, your Blade, your frank Persons, your Drolls: fellows that scorn to imitate Nature; but are givenaltogether to elevate and surprise.

*Smi.* Elevate, and surprise? prythee make me understand the meaning of that.

*Johns.* Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't understand that my self. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as well as I can, what it is. Let me see; 'tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhyming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying; and every thing, but Thinking and Sence.

*Mr. Bayes passes o'er the Stage.*

*Bayes.* Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, Sir.

*Johns.* Godso, this is an Author: I'll fetch him to you.

*Smi.* Nay, prythee let him alone.

*Johns.* Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him. [*Goes after him.* Here he is. I have caught him. Pray, Sir, for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine?

*Bayes.* Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but

but receive 'em ; especially from a person that does wear the honourable Title you are pleas'd to impose, Sir, upon this. — Sweet Sir, your servant.

*Smi.* Your humble servant, Sir.

*Johns.* But wilt thou do me a favour, now ?

*Bayes.* I, Sir : what is't ?

*Johns.* Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last Play.

*Bayes.* How, Sir, the meaning ? do you mean the Plot ?

*Johns.* I, I ; any thing.

*Bayes.* Faith, Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my head ; but I have a new one, in my pocket, that I may say is a Virgin ; 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing, 'Tis all new Wit ; and, though I say it, a better than my last ; and you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew, ay, and pit, box and gallery. I gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This morning is its last Rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted ; and if you, and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its Virgin attire ; though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover its nakedness unto you. — I think it is o' this side.

[*Puts his hand in his pocket.*]

*Johns.* Sir, I confess I am not able to answer you in this new way ; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you ; and I hope my friend will do so too.

*Smi.* I, Sir, I have no business so considerable, as should keep me from your company.

*Bayes.* Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy : this is my book of *Drama Common places* ; the Mother of many other Plays.

*Johns.* *Drama Common places* ! pray what's that ?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, some certain helps, that we men of Art have found it convenient to make use of.

*Smi.* How, Sir, help for Wit ?

*Bayes.* I, Sir, that's my position. And I do here averr, That no man yet the Sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a Stage, except it be with the help of these my Rules.

*Johns.* What are those Rules, I pray ?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, my first Rule is the Rule of Transversion; or *Regula Duplex* : changing Verse into Prose, or Prose into Verse, *alternative* as you please.

*Smi.* How's that, Sir, by a Rule, I pray ?

*Bayes.* Why, thus, Sir; nothing more easie when understood: I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, for that's all one, if there be any Wit in't, as there is no book but has some, I Transverse it; that is, if it be Prose put it into Verse, (but that takes up some time) if it be Verse, put it into Prose.

*Johns.* Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verse into Prose should be call'd Transprofing.

*Bayes.* By my troth a very good Notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

*Smi.* Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then ?

*Bayes.* Make it my own. 'Tis so alter'd that no man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, and by way of Table-Book. Pray observe.

*Johns.* Well, we hear you : go on.

*Bayes.* As thus. I come into a Coffee-house or some other place where witty men resort, I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark ?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop I slap it down, and make that, too, my own.

*Johns.* But, Mr. *Bayes*, are not you sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus by Art ?

*Bayes.* No, Sir; the world's unmindful: they never take notice of these things.

*Smi.* But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for Invention ?

*Bayes.* Yes, Sir; that's my third Rule that I have here in my pocket.

*Smi.* What Rule can that be ?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn over this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Perfess*,

*Mon-*

*Montaigne, Seneca's Tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's lives,* and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject: and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

*Johns.* Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, this is as sure, and compendious a way of Wit as ever I heard of.

*Bayes.* I, Sirs, when you come to write your selves, o' my word you'l find it so. But, Gentlemen, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my Rules, do but come to the Play-house, and you shall judge of 'em by the effects.

*Smi.* We'l follow you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter three Players upon the Stage.*

*1 Play.* Have you your part perfect?

*2 Play.* Yes, I have it without book; but I do not understand how it is to be spoken.

*3 Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life what humour I'm to be in: whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

*1 Play.* Phoo! the Author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the new way of writing; and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand design upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in suspense; for to guess presently at the plot, and the sence, tires 'em before the end of the first Act: now, here, every line surprises you, and brings in new matter. And, then, for Scenes, Cloaths and Dancing, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us: and these are the things, you know, that are essential to a Play.

*2 Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but, so it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.

*Enter Bayes, Johnson and Smith.*

*Bayes.* Come, come in, Gentlemen. Y'are very welcome Mr. — a — Ha' you your part ready?

*1 Play.* Yes Sir.

*Bayes.* But do you understand the true humour of it?

*1 Play.* I, Sir, pretty well.

*Bayes.* And *Amarillis*, how does she do? Does not her Armour become her?

*3 Play.*



3 *Play.* O admirably !

*Bayes.* I'll tell you, now, a pretty conceipt. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this Play ?

*Smi.* What, I pray ?

*Bayes.* Why I'll make 'em call her *Armarillis*, because of her Armor : ha, ha, ha.

*Johns.* That will be very well, indeed.

*Bayes.* I, it's a pretty little rogue ; she is my Mistress. I knew her face would set off Armor extreamly : and, to tell you true, I writ that Part only for her. Well, Gentlemen, I dare be bold to say, without vanity, I'll shew you something, here, that's very ridiculous, I gad. [*Exeunt Players.*]

*Johns.* Sir, that we do not doubt of.

*Bayes.* Pray, Sir, let's sit down. Look you, Sir, the chief hinge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the thing in Nature which make up the grand refinement of a Play, is, that I suppose two Kings to be of the same place ; as, for example, at *Brentford* ; for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that ; are divided among themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em : these Kings differing sometimes in particular ; though, in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make my self well understood.

*Johns.* I did not observe you, Sir : pray say that again.

*Bayes.* Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing) the people being embarrast by their equal ties to both, and the Sovereigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people ; may make a certain kind of a ——— you understand me ——— upon which, there does arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that ——— In fine, you'll apprehend it better when you see it.

[*Exit, to call the Players.*

*Smi.*

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*Sm.* I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any sence of this.

*Enter Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Now, Gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both serve for either: that is, the Prologue for the Epilogue, or the Epilogue for the Prologue: (do you mark?) nay, they may both serve too, I gad, for any other Play as well as this.

*Sm.* Very well. That's, indeed, Artificial.

*Bayes.* And I would fain ask your judgments, now, which of them would do best for the Prologue? For, you must know, there is in nature, but two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that, to—a—in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesie of the Auditors; the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censuring persons, as cannot other ways. A gad, in nature, be hindred, from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my first Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great huge Hang-man behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn; and there tell'em plainly, That if, out of good nature, they will not like my Play, why I gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all clapping—a—

*Sm.* But, suppose they do not.

*Bayes.* Suppose! Sir, you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your suppose, Sir, nor am not at all mortifi'd at it; not at all, Sir; I gad, not one jot. Suppose quoth a!—

*[Walks away.]*

*Johns.* Phoo! pr'ythee, *Bayes*, don't mind what he says: he's a fellow newly come out of the Country, he knows nothing of what's the relish, here, of the Town.

*Bayes.* If I writ, Sir, to please the Counrey, I should have follow'd the old plain way; but I write for some persons of Quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what Flame and Power in writing is; and they do me the right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

*Johns.* I,

*Johns.* I, I, they will clap, I warrant you ; never fear it.

*Bayes.* I'm sure the design's good : that cannot be deny'd. And then, for language, I gad, I defie 'em all, in nature, to mend it. Besides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred sheets of papyr, to insinuate the Plot into the Boxes : and withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends, to be ready in the Pit, who, I'm sure will clap, and so the rest, you know, must follow ; and then, pray, Sir, what becomes of your sup-pose ? ha, ha, ha.

*Johns.* Nay, if the business be so well laid, it cannot mis.

*Bayes.* I think so, Sir : and therefore would chuse this for the Prologue. For if I could engage 'em to clap, before they see the Play, you know 'twould be so much the better ; because then they were engag'd : for let a man write never so well, there are, now-a-days, a sort of persons, they call Critiques, that, I gad, have no more wit in 'em than so many Hobby-horses ; but they'll laugh you, Sir, and find fault, and censure things that, Agad, I'm sure they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of persons of parts, and think to build their fame, by calumniating of persons that, I gad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that, as——a——In fine, I'll say no more of 'em.

*Johns.* I, I, you have said enough of 'em in conscience : I'm sure more than they'll ever be able to answer.

*Bayes.* Why, I'll tell you, Sir, sincerely, and *bona fide* ; were it not for the sake of some ingenions persons, and choice female spirits, that have a value for me, I would see 'em all hang'd before I would e'er more set pen to papyr ; but let 'em live in ignorance like ingrates.

*Johns.* I marry ! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed : and, if I were in your place, now, I would do it.

*Bayes.* No, Sir ; there are certain tyes upon me, that I cannot be disingag'd from ; otherwise, I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my hang-man ?

*Smi.* By my troth, Sir, I should like him very well.

*Bayes.* I, but how do you like it ? ( for I see you can judge )

Would

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Would you have it for the Prologue, or the Epilogue?

*Johns.* Faith, Sir, it's so good, let it e'en serve for both.

*Bayes.* No, no; that won't do. Besides I have made another.

*Johns.* What other, Sir?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder and Lightning*.

*Johns.* That's greater: I'd rather stick to that.

*Bayes.* Do you think so? I'll tell you then; though there have been many witty Prologues written of late, yet I think you'll say this is a *non pareillo*: I'm sure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be Dialogue: and as, in my first, you see I strive to oblige the Auditors by civility, by good nature, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in Terrorem*, I chuse for the persons *Thunder and Lightning*. Do you apprehend the conceit?

*Johns.* Phoo, pox! then you have it cock-sure. They'll be hang'd, before they'll dare affront an Author, that has 'em at that lock.

*Bayes.* I have made, too, one of the most delicate, dainty *Simile's* in the whole world, I gad, if I knew but how to apply it.

*Smi.* Lets hear it, I pray you.

*Bayes.* 'Tis an allusion to love.

So Boar and Sow, when any storm is nigh,  
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the Sky:  
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Chestnut Groves  
And there consummate their unfinish'd Loves,  
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,

And snort and gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

*Johns.* Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine: and very applicable to *Thunder and Lightning*, methinks, because it speaks of a storm.

*Bayes.* I gad, and so it does, now I think on't. Mr. *Johnson*, I thank you; and I'll put it in *profecto*. Come out, *Thunder and Lightning*.

C

Enter

*The Rehearsal.**Enter Thunder and Lightning.**Thun.* I am the bold *Thunder*.*Bayes.* Mr. *Cartwright*, pr'ythee speak a little louder, am with a hoarser voice. I am the bold *Thunder*? Pshaw! speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed: I am the bold *Thunder*.*Thun.* I am the bold *Thunder*.*Light.* The brisk *Lightning*, I.*Bayes.* Nay, you must be quick and nimble:*The brisk Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.*Thun.* I am the bravest *Heſtor* of the Sky.*Light.* And I fair *Helen* that made *Heſtor* die.*Thun.* I strike men down.*Light.* I fire the Town.*Thun.* Let the Critiques take heed how they grumble,  
For then begin I for to rumble.*Light.* Let the Ladies allow us their Graces.  
Or I'll blast all the paint on their faces,  
And dry up their Peter to Soot.*Thun.* Ket the Critiques look to't.*Light.* Let the Ladies look to't.*Thun.* For *Thunder* will do't.*Light.* For *Lightning* will shoot.*Thun.* I'll give you dash for dash.*Light.* I'll give you flash for flash.

Gallants, I'll finge your Feather.

*Thun.* I'll *Thunder* you together.*Both.* Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't: look to't,  
we'll do't. [*Twice or thrice repeated.*][*Exeunt ambo.*]*Bayes.* That's all. 'Tis but a flash of a Prologue: a Droll.*Smi.* 'Tis short, indeed; but very terrible.*Bayes.* Ay when the *smile* is in, it will do to a Miracle, I gad.  
Come, come begin the Play.*Enter*



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*Enter first Player.*

*1 Play.* Sir, Mr. Ivory is not come yet; but hee'l be here presently, he's but two doors off.

*Bayes.* Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a pipe of Tobacco.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## Finis Actus primi.

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### ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

*Bayes, Johnson and Smith.*

*Bayes.* **N**ow, Sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before— [Spits.]

*Smi.* A very notable design, for a Play, indeed.

*Bayes.* Instead of beginning with a Scene that discovers something of the Plot, I begin this with a whisper.

*Smi.* That's very new.

*Bayes.* Come, take your seats. Begin, Sirs.

*Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.*

*Phys.* Sir, by your habit, I should guess you to be the Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous place.

*Ush.* And, by your gait and fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the healths of both our noble Kings, under the notion of Physician.

*Phys.* You hit my Function right.

*Ush.* And you, mine.

*Phys.* Then let's embrace.

*Ush.* Come then.

*Phys.* Come.

C 2

*Johns.*

*Johns.* Pray, Sir, who are those two so very civil persons?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Usher, and Physician-of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

*Johns.* But how comes it to pass, then, that they know one another no better?

*Bayes.* Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Intrigue.

*Johns.* Very well.

*Phys.* Sir, to conclude.

*Smi.* What, before he begins?

*Bayes.* No, Sir; you must know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

*Smi.* Where? in the Tying-room?

*Bayes.* Why ay, Sir. He's so dull! Come, speak again.

*Phys.* Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Talents of a wary Pilot, and all these threatening storms which, like impregnant Clouds, do hover o'er our heads, (when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

*Bayes.* Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

*Johns.* Yes; that grasping of a storm with the eye is admirable.

*Phys.* But yet some rumours great are stirring; and if *Lorenzo* should prove false, (as none but the great Gods can tell) you then perhaps would find, that—

[*Whispers.*]

*Bayes.* Now they whisper.

*Ush.* Alone, do you say?

*Phys.* No; attended with the noble—

[*Whispers.*]

*Ush.* Who, he in gray?

*Phys.* Yes; and at the head of—

[*Whispers.*]

*Bayes.* Pray mark.

*Ush.* Then, Sir, most certain, 'twill in time appear. These are the reasons that induc'd 'em to't.

First, he—

[*Whispers.*]

*Bayes.* Now t'other whispers.

*Ush.* Secondly, they—

[*Whispers.*]

*Bayes.* He's at it still.

*Ush.*

*Ush.* Thirdly, and lastly, both he, and they — [*Whisper s.*

*Bayes.* There they both whisper. [*Exeunt Whispering.*

Now, Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

*John.* In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the same place?

*Bayes.* Why? because it's new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your *Johnson* and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature; I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

*Smi.* But what think you of Sir *John Suckling*, Sir?

*Bayes.* By gad, I am a better Poet than he.

*Smi.* Well, Sir, but pray why all this whispering?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, (besides that it is new, as I told you before) because they are suppos'd to be Politicians; and matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

*Smi.* But then, Sir, why —

*Bayes.* Sir, if you'll but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth Act, you'll find it a piece of patience not ill recompenc'd. [*Goes to the door.*

*Johns.* How dost thou like this, *Frank*? Is it not just as I told thee?

*Smi.* Why, I did never, before this, see any thing in Nature, and all that, (as Mr. *Bayes* says) so foolish, but I could give some guesses at what mov'd the Fop to do it; but this, I confess, does goe beyond my reach.

*Johns.* Why, 'tis all alike: Mr. *Wintershall* has inform'd me of this Play before. And I'll tell thee, *Frank*, thou shalt not see one Scene here; that either properly ought to come in, or is like any thing thou canst imagine has ever been the practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantastical, most abominably dull, and not one word to the purpose.

*Smi.* It does surprize me, I am sure, very much.

*Johns.* I, but it won't do so long: by that time thou hast seen a Play or two, that I'll shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of Foppery.

## SCÆNA II.

*Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.*

*Bayes.* **T**Hese are the two Kings of *Brentford*; take notice of their stile: 'twas never yet upon the Stage; but, if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole Play, written all just so.

1. *King.* Did you observe their whisper, Brother King?

2. *King.* I did; and heard besides a grave bird sing  
That they intend, sweet-heart, to play us pranks.

*Bayes.* This, now, is familiar, because they are both persons of the same Quality.

*Smi.* 'Sdeath, this would make a man spew.

1. *King.* If that design appears,  
I'll lug 'em by the ears  
Until I make 'em crack.

2. *King.* And so will I, i'fack.

1. *King.* You must begin, *Mon foy.*

2. *King.* Sweet, Sir, *Pardonnez moy.*

*Bayes.* Mark that: I makes 'em both speak *French*, to shew their breeding.

*Johns.* O, 'tis extraordinary fine.

2. *King.* Then, spite of Fate, we'll thus combined stand;  
And, like two brothers, walk still hand in hand.

[*Exeunt Reges.*]

*Johns.* This is a very Majestick Scene indeed.

*Bayes.* Ay, 'tis a crust, a lasting crust for your Rogue Critiques, I gad: I would fain see the proudest of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I gad, if they do, this shall rub their gums for 'em, I promise you. It was I, you must know, wrote the Play I told you of in this very Stile: and shall I tell you a very good jest? I gad, the Players would not act it: ha, ha, ha.

*Smi.* That's impossible.

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* I gad, they would not, Sir, ha, ha, ha. They refus'd it, I gad, the silly Rogues : ha, ha, ha.

*Johns.* Fie, that was rude.

*Bayes.* Rude! I gad, they are the rudest, uncivilest persons, and all that, in the whole world : I gad there's no living with 'em. I have written, Mr. *Johnson*, I do verily believe, a whole cart-load of things, every whit as good as this, and yet, I vow to gad, these insolent Raskals have turn'd 'em all back upon my hands again.

*Johns.* Strange fellows indeed!

*Sm.* But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, how come these two Kings to know of this whisper? for, as I remember, they were not present at it.

*Bayes.* No, but that's the Actors fault, and not mine ; for the Kings should (a pox take 'em) have pop'd both their heads in at the door just as the other went off.

*Sm.* That, indeed, would ha' done it.

*Bayes.* Done it! Ay, I gad, these fellows are able to spoil the best things in Christendome. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnson*, I vow to gad, I have been so highly disoblig'd by the peremptoriness of these fellows, that I am resolv'd, hereafter, to bend all my thoughts for the service of the *Nursery*, and mump your proud Players, I gad.

SCÆNA. III.

*Enter Prince Pretty-man.*

*Pret.* **H**OW strange a captive am I grown of late!  
Shall I accuse my Love or blame my Fate?  
My Love, I cannot; that is too Divine:  
And against Fate what mortal dares repine?

*Enter Cloris.*

But here she comes.

Sure 'tis some blazing Comet is it not? [*Eyes down.*]

*Bayes.* Blazing Comet! mark that. I gad, very fine.

*Pret.*



*Pret.* But I am so surpris'd with sleep, I cannot speak the rest. [*sleeps.*]

*Bayes.* Does not that, now, surprise you, to fall asleep just in the nick? His spirits exhale with the heat of his passion, and all that, and swoop falls asleep, as you see. Now, here, she must make a *simile*.

*Smi.* Where's the necessity of that Mr. Bayes?

*Bayes.* Because she's surpris'd. That's a general Rule: you must ever make a *simile* when you are surpris'd; 'tis the new way of writing.

*Cloris.* As some tall Pine, which we, on *Ætna*, find  
 T' have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind,  
 Feeling without, that flames within do play,  
 Which would consume his Root and Sap away;  
 He spreads his worsted Arms unto the Skies,  
 Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:  
 So, throw'd up, your bright eye disappears.  
 Break forth, bright scorching Sun, and dry my tears.

[*Exit.*]  
*Bayes.* I am afraid, Gentlemen, this Scene has made you sad; for I must confess, when I writ it, I wept my self.

*Smi.* No, truly, Sir, my spirits are almost exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall asleep.

*Prince Pretty-man starts up, and says——*

*Pret.* It is resolv'd.

[*Exit.*]

*Smi.* Mr. Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you a question, now, and you not be angry?

*Bayes.* O Lord, Sir, you may ask me what you please. I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour: you do not know me, if you say that, Sir.

*Smi.* Then, pray, Sir, what is it that this Prince here has resolv'd in his sleep?

*Bayes.* Why, I must confess, that question is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you must know, Sir, that, to out-do all my fellow-Writers, whereas they keep their *Intrigo* secret till the very last Scene before the Dance; I now, Sir, do you mark me — a —

*Smi.*

*Smi.* Begin the Play, and end it, without ever opening the Plot at all?

*Bayes.* I do so, that's the very plain troth on't: ha, ha, ha; I do, I gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for *Bayes*, I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of business: pray observe it; for I dare say you'll think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Debate I over-heard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

SCÆNA IV.

*Enter Gentleman-Usber and Physician,*

*Ush.* **C**OME, Sir; let's state the matter of Fact, and lay our heads together,

*Phys.* Right: lay our heads together. I love to be merry sometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head close to it, with a pipe of Tobacco in my mouth, and then I whew it away, i'faith.

*Bayes.* I do just so I gad, alwayes.

*Ush.* The grand question is, whether they heard us whisper? which I divide thus: into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

*Johns.* Most admirably divided, I swear.

*Ush.* As to the when; you say just now: so that is answer'd. Then, for what; why, what answers it self: for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last question, *Videlicet*, whether they heard or no?

*Smi.* This is a very wise Scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

*Bayes.* Yes; you have it right: they are both Polititians. I writ this Scene for a pattern, to shew the world how men should talk of business.

*Johns.* You have done it exceeding well, indeed.

*Bayes.* Yes, I think this will do.

*Phys.* Well, if they heard us whisper, they'll turn us out, and no body else will take us.

*Ush.* No body else will take us.

*Smi.* Not for Polititians, I dare answer for it.

*Phys.* Let's then no more our selves in vain bemoan :  
We are not safe until we them unthrone.

*Ush.* 'Tis right :

And, since occasion now seems debonair,  
I'll seize on this, and you shall take that Chair.

*They draw their Swords, and sit down in  
the two great Chairs upon the Stage.*

*Bayes.* There's now an odd surprize ; the whole State's  
turn'd quite topsi-turvy, without any puther or stir in the  
whole world, I gad.

*Johns.* A very silent change of a Government, truly, as ever  
I heard of.

*Bayes.* It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again,  
by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

*The Usurpers march out flourishing their Swords.*

*Enter Shirley.*

*Shir.* Hey ho, hey ho : what a change is here ! Hey day,  
hey day ! I know not what to do, nor what to say. [*Exit.*

*Smi.* But, pray, Sir, how came they to depose the Kings so  
easily ?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, you must know, they long had a design  
to do it before ; but never could put it in practice till now :  
and, to tell you true, that's one reason why I made 'em whi-  
sper so at first.

*Smi.* O very well : now I'm fully satisf'd.

*Bayes.* And then, to shew you, Sir, it was not done so very  
easily neither ; in this next Scene you shall see some fighting.

*Smi.* O, ho : so then you make the struggle to be after the  
business is done ?

*Bayes.* Aye.

*Smi.* O, I conceive you : that is very natural.

SCÆNA

SCÆNA V.

*Enter four men at one door, and four at another, with their  
Swords drawn.*

1 Soldier. **S**Tand. Who goes there?

2 Sol. A Friend.

1. Sol. What Friend?

2 Sol. A Friend to the House.

1 Sol. Fall on. *[They all kill one another. Musick strikes.*

Bayes. Hold, hold. *[To the Musick. It ceaseth.*

Now here's an odd surprize: all these dead men you shall see  
rise up presently, at a certain Note that I have made, in *Effant  
flat*, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear, dead men? remember  
your Note in *Effant flat*. Play on. *[To the Musick.*

Now, now, now. | *The Musick play his Note, and the dead men  
O Lord, O Lord! | rise; but cannot get in order.*

Out, out, out! Did ever men spoil a good thing so? no figure,  
no ear, no time, no thing? you dance worse than the An-  
gels in *Harry the Eight*, or the fat Spirits in *The Tempest*.  
I gad.

1 Sol. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time, to  
this Tune.

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! impossible? why, Gentlemen, if  
there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I sate up two  
whole nights in composing this Air, and apting it for the busi-  
ness: for, if you observe, there are two several Designs in  
this Tune; it begins swift, and ends slow: You talk of time,  
and time; you shall see me do't. Look you now. Here I  
am dead. *[Lies down flat on his face.*

Now mark my Note *Effant flat*. Strike up Musick.

Now. *[As he rises up hastily, he tumbles and falls down again.*  
Ah, gadsookers, I have broke my Nose.

Johns. By my troth, Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate  
Note of yours, in *Effant flat*.

Bayes. A plague of this damn'd Stage, with your nails, and

*The Rehearsal.*

your tenter-hooks, that a man cannot come to teach you to Act, but he must break his nose, and his face, and the divel and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown paper?

*Smi.* No indeed, Sir; I don't usually carry any about me.

*2 Sol.* Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

*Bayes.* Go, go then; I'll follow you. Pray dance out the Dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you four that you dance like Horsemen. [Exit Bayes.]

*They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.*

*1 Sol.* A Devil! let's try this no more: play my Dance that Mr. Bayes found fault with. [Dance, & exeunt.]

*Smi.* What can this fool be doing all this while about his Nose?

*Johns.* Pr'y thee lets go see.

[Exeunt.]

*Finis Actus Secundi.*

## ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

*Bayes with a Papyr on his Nose, and the two Gentlemen.*

*Bayes.* **N**OW, Sir, this I do, because my Fancy in this Play is to end every Act with a Dance.

*Smi.* Faith, that Fancy is very good, but I should hardly have broke my Nose for it, though.

*Johns.* That Fancy, I suppose, is new too.

*Bayes.* Sir, all my Fancies are so. I tread upon no mans heels: but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. As, now, this next Scene some perhaps will say, It is not very necessary to the Plot: I grant it; what then? I meant it so.

But



But then it's as full of Drollery as ever it can hold: 'tis like an Orange stuck with Cloves, as for conceit: Come, where are you? This Scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well acted: it is a Scene of sheer Wit, without any mixture in the World, I gad.

[Reads -

*Enter Prince Pretty-man, and Tom Thimble his Taylor.*

This, Sirs, might properly enough be call'd a prize of Wit; for you shall see 'em come in upon one another snip snap, hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'others upon him slap, with a Repartee; then he at him again, dash with a new conceit: and so eternally, eternally, I gad, till they go quite off the Stage.

[Goes to call the Players.

*Smi.* What a plague, does this Fop mean by his snip snap, hit for hit, and dash?

*Johns.* Mean? why, he never meant any thing in's life: what dost talk of meaning for?

*Enter Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Why don't you come in?

*Enter Prince Pretty-man and Tom Thimble.*

*Pret.* But pr'ythee, *Tom Thimble*; why wilt thou needs marry? If nine Taylors make but one man; and one woman cannot be satisfied with nine men: what work art thou cutting out here for thy self, trow we?

*Bayes.* Good.

*Thim.* Why, an't please your Highness, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want Journey-men to help me, I warrant you.

*Bayes.* Good again.

*Pret.* I am afraid thy Journey-men, though, *Tom*, won't work by the day, but by the night.

*Bayes.* Good still.

*Thim.* However, if my wife sits but cross-leg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half so much as when I trusted you for your Coronation-suit.

*Bayes.* Very good, i'faith.

*Pret.* Why, the times then liv'd upon trust; it was the fashion

fashion. You would not be out of time, at such a time as that, sure : A Taylor, you know, must never be out of fashion.

*Bayes.* Right.

*Thim.* I'm sure, Sir, I made your Cloath in the Court-fashion, for you never paid me yet.

*Bayes.* There's a bob for the Court.

*Pret.* Why, *Tom*, thou art a sharp rogue when thou art angry, I see : thou pay'st me now, methinks.

*Thim.* I, Sir, in your own coyn : you give me nothing but words.

*Bayes.* Admirable, before gad.

*Pret.* Well, *Tom*, I hope shortly I shall have another coyn for thee ; for now the Wars come on, I shall grow to be a man of mettall.

*Bayes.* O, you did not do that half enough.

*Johns.* Methinks he does it admirably.

*Bayes.* I, pretty well ; but he does not hit me in't : he does not top his part.

*Thim.* That's the way to be stamp'd your self, Sir. I shall see you come home like an Angel for the Kings-Evil, with a hole bor'd through you. [Exeunt.]

*Bayes.* That's very good, i'faith ; ha, ha, ha. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, I gad. How do you like it now, Gentlemen ? is not this pure Wit ?

*Smi.* 'Tis snip snap, Sir, as you say ; but, methinks, not pleasant, nor to the purpose, for the Play does not go on.

*Bayes.* Play does not go on ? I don't know what yon mean : why, is not this part of the Play ?

*Smi.* Yes, but the Plot stands still.

*Bayes.* Plot stand still ! why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things ?

*Smi.* O, I did not know that before.

*Bayes.* No, I think you did not : nor many things more, that I am Master of. Now, Sir, I gad, this is the bane of all us Writers : let us soar never so little above the common pitch, I gad, all's spoil'd ; for the vulgar never understand us, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellencie of these things.

*Johns.*

*Johns.* 'Tis a sad fate, I must confess: but you write on still?

*Bayes.* Write on? I, I gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me: if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things to be good, what care I what they say? What, they are gone, and forgot the Song!

*Smi.* They have done very well, methinks, here's no need of one.

*Bayes.* Alack, Sir, you know nothing: you must ever interlard your Playes with Songs, Ghosts and Idols, if you mean to — a —

*Johns.* Pit, Box and Gallery, Mr. *Bayes.*

*Bayes.* I gad, Sir, and you have nick'd it. Hark you, Mr. *Johnson*, you know I don't flatter, a gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

*Johns.* O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

*Bayes.* Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. *Johnson*, Ifacks this must not be said, amongst us that have it. I know you have wit by the judgment you make of this Play; for that's the measure I go by: my Play is my Touchstone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts, is he so, say I? what do I do, but bring him presently to see this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble Servant, Sir, I'll no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, a gad. Now here we go on to our business.

SCÆNA II.

*Enter the two Usurpers, hand in hand.*

*Usp.* **B**Ut what's become of *Volscius* the great?  
His presence has not grac'd our Court of late.

*Phyf.* I fear some ill, from emulation sprung,  
Has from us that Illustrious *Hero* wrung.

*Bayes.* Is not that Majestical?

*Smi.* Yes, but who a Devil is that *Volscius*?

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Why, that's a Prince I make in love with *Parthenope*.

*Smi.* I thank you, Sir.

*Enter Cordelio.*

*Cor.* My Lieges, news from *Volscius* the Prince.

*Ush.* His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.

*Smi.* How, Sir, do you mean that? whether it be good or bad?

*Bayes.* Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: Godfookers you'l spoil all my Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to answer every impertinent question you ask.

*Smi.* Cry you mercy, Sir.

*Cor.* His Highness Sirs, commanded me to tell you, That the fair person whom you both do know, Despairing of forgiveness for her fault, In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt Upon her precious life; but, by the care Of standers-by, prevented was.

*Smi.* 'Sheart, what stuff's here!

*Cor.* At last,

*Folscius* the great this dire resolve embrac'd:

His servants he into the Countrey sent,

And he himself to *Peccadille* went.

Where he's inform'd, by Letters, that she's dead.

*Ush.* Dead! is that possible? Dead!

*Phys.* O ye Gods!

[*Exeunt.*

*Bayes.* There's a smart expression of a passion; O ye Gods! That's one of my bold strokes, a gad.

*Smi.* Yes; but who is the fair person that's dead?

*Bayes.* That you shall know anon.

*Smi.* Nay, if we know it at all, 'tis well enough.

*Bayes.* Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this, that she's not dead neither.

*Smi.* Marry, that's good news: I am glad of that with all my heart.

*Bayes.* Now here's the man brought in that is suppos'd to have kill'd her.

[*a great shout within.*

*Enter*

*Enter Amarillis with a Book in her hand and Attendants.*

*Ama.* What shout triumphant's that?

*Enter a Souldier.*

*Sol.* Shie maid, upon the River brink, near Twick'nham Town, the assassinate is tane.

*Ama.* Thanks to the Powers above, for this deliverance.  
I hope its slow beginning will portend  
A forward *Exit* to all future end.

*Bayes.* Pish, there you are out; to all future end; No, no; to all future end; you must lay the accent upon end, or else you lose the concept.

*Johns.* Indeed the alteration of that accent does a great deal,  
*Mr Bayes.*

*Bayes.* O, all in all, Sir: they are these little things that mar, or set you off a Play.

*Smi.* I see you are very perfect in these matters.

*Bayes,* I, Sir; I have been long enough at it to know something.

*Enter Souldiers dragging in an old Fisherman.*

*Ama.* Villain, what Monster did corrupt thy mind  
T'attaque the noblest soul of humane kind?  
Tell me who set thee on.

*Fish.* Prince Pretty-man.

*Ama.* to kill whom?

*Fish.* Prince Pretty-man.

*Ama.* What, did Prince Pretty-man hire you to kill Prince Pretty-man?

*Fish.* No; Prince Volscius.

*Ama.* To kill whom?

*Fish.* Prince Volscius.

*Ama.* What did Prince Volscius hire you to kill Prince Volscius?

*Fish.* No; Prince Pretty-man.

*Ama.* So, drag him hence,

Till torture of the Rack produce his Sense. *[Exeunt.]*

*Bayes.* Mark how I make the horror of his guilt confound his intellects; for that's the design of this Scene.



*The Rehearsal.*

*Smi.* I see, Sir, you have a several design for every Scene.

*Bayes.* I, that's my way of writing; and so I can dispatch you, Sir, a whole Play before another man, I gad, can make an end of his Plot. So now enter Prince *Pretty-man* in a rage. Where the Devil is he? Why *Pretty-man*? why when, I say? O fie, fie, fie, fie; all's marr'd, I vow to gad, quite marr'd.

*Enter Pretty-man.*

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, Sir, now you may go out again, if you please. I vow to gad, Mr. — a — I would not give a button for my Play, now you have done this.

*Pret.* What, Sir?

*Bayes.* What, Sir? 'Slife, Sir, you should have come out in choler, rous upon the Stage, just as the other went off. Must a man be eternally telling you of these things?

*Johns.* Sure this must be some very notable matter that he's so angry at.

*Smi.* I am not of your opinion.

*Bayes.* Pish! come, let's hear your part, Sir.

*Pret.* Bring in my Father, why d'ye keep him from me?

Although a Fisherman, he is my Father,  
Was ever Son, yet, brought to this distress,  
To be, for being a Son, made fatherless?

Oh, you just Gods, rob me not of a Father.

The being of a Son take from me rather. *[Exit.]*

*Smi.* Well, Ned, what think you now?

*Johns.* A Devil, this is worst of all. Pray, Mr. Bayes, what's the meaning of this Scene?

*Bayes.* O cry you mercy, Sir: I purtest I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you must know, that, long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fisherman.

*Smi.* How, Sir, taken Prisoner?

*Bayes.* Taken Prisoner! O Lord, what a question's there! did ever any man ask such a question? Taken Prisoner! Godsookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd question. What was I going to say?

*Johns.* Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Stay, let me see; taken: O 'tis true. Why, Sir, as I was going to say, his Highness here, the Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fisherman, and brought up as his Child.

*Smi.* Indeed?

*Bayes.* Nay, pr'ythee hold thy peace. And so, Sir, this murder being committed by the River-side, the Fisherman, upon suspicion, was seiz'd; and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

*Smi.* So, so; now 'tis very plain.

*Johns.* But Mr. *Bayes*, is not that some disparagement to a Prince, to pass for a Fishermans Son? Have a care of that, I pray.

*Bayes.* No, no, no; not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I shall fetch him off again, presently, you shall see.

*Enter Pretty-man and Thimble.*

*Pret.* By all the Gods, I'll set the world on fire.

Rather than let 'em ravish hence my Sire.

*Thim.* Brave *Pretty-man*, it is at length reveal'd,

That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd.

*Bayes.* Lo' you now, there he's off again.

*Johns.* Admirably done i' faith.

*Bayes.* Ay, now the Plot thickens very much upon us.

*Pret.* What Oracle this darkness can evince?

Sometimes a Fishers Son, sometimes a Prince.

It is a secret, great as is the world;

In which, I like the Soul, am toss'd and hurl'd.

The blackest Ink of Fate, sure, was my Lot,

And, when she writ my Name, she made a blot.

[Exit.]

*Bayes.* There's a blust'ring verse for you now.

*Smi.* Yes, Sir; but pray, why is he so mightily troubled to find he is not a Fishermans Son?

*Bayes.* Phoo! that is not because he has a mind to be his Son, but for fear he should be thought to be no bodies Son at all.

*Smi.* I, that would trouble a man, indeed.

*Bayes.* So let me see.

*Enter Prince Volscius, going out of Town.*

*Smi.* I thought he had been gone to *Peccadille*.

*Bayes.* Yes, he gave out so; but that was only to cover his design.

*Johns.* What design?

*Bayes.* Why, to head the Army, that lies conceal'd for him in *Knights-bridge*.

*Johns.* I see here's a great deal of Plot, *Mr. Bayes*.

*Bayes.* Yes, now it begins to break; but we shall have a world of more business anon.

*Enter Prince Volscius, Cloris, Amarillis, and Harry with a Riding-Cloak and Boots.*

*Ama.* Sir, you are cruel, thus to leave the Town, And to retire to Country solitude.

*Clo.* We hop'd this Summer that we should at least Have held the honour of your Company.

*Bayes.* Held the honour of your Company! prettily express! Held the honour of your Company! Godfookers, these fellows will never take notice of any thing.

*Johns.* I assure you, Sir, I admire it extremely; I don't know what he does.

*Bayes.* I, I, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

*Ama.* Pray let us two this single boon obtain,  
That you will here with poor us still remain.  
Before your Horses come pronounce our fate,  
For then, alas, I fear 'twill be too late.

*Bayes.* Sad!

*Volsc. Harry,* my Boots; for I'll go rage among My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* throng.

*Smi.* But pray, *Mr. Bayes*, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an Army thus conceal'd in *Knights-bridge*?

*Bayes.* In *Knights-bridge*? Itay.

*Johns.* No, not if the Inn-keepers be his friends.

*Bayes.* His Friends! Ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance; or else, indeed, I grant it could not be.

*Smi.*

*Smi.* Yes, faith, so it might be very easie.

*Bayes.* Nay, If I do not make all things easie, I gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he is going out of Town; but you shall see how prettily I have contriv'd to stop him presently.

*Smi.* By my troth, Sir, you have so amaz'd me, I know not what to think.

*Enter Parthenope.*

*Volf.* Bless me! how frail are all my best resolves!  
How in a moment, is my purpose chang'd!  
Too soon I thought my self secure from Love.  
Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her name  
Who does so gently rob me of my fame?  
For I should meet the Army out of Town,  
And, if I fail, must hazard my renown.

*Par.* My Mother, Sir, sells Ale by the Town-walls,  
And me her dear *Parthenope* she calls.

*Volf.* Can vulgar vestments high-born beauty throwd?  
Thou bring'st the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

*Bayes.* The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud! A, Gadsookers,  
what a conceipt is there!

*Par.* Give you good Ev'n, Sir.

[Exit.

*Volf.* O inauspicious Stars! that I was born  
To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn!

*Ama. Gloris.* How! Prince *Volscius* in love? Ha, ha, ha.

[Exeunt laughing.

*Smi.* Sure, Mr. *Bayes*, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh at so.

*Bayes.* Why did you not observe? He first resolves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pulling on his Boots, falls in love. Ha, ha, ha.

*Smi.* But pray, Sir, where lies the jest?

*Johns.* In the Boots.

*Bayes.* Gad, you're i'th' right, it does lie in the Boots; your friend and I know where the jest lies, though you don't.

*Smi.* O I did not observe: that, indeed, is a very good jest.

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Here, now, you shall see a combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has made a whole Play on't; but I have dispatch'd it all in this Scene.

*Volscius sits down.*  
*Volsc.* How has my passion made me *Cupid's* scoff!  
 This hasty Boot is on, the other off,  
 And fullen lies, with amorous design  
 To quit loud fame, and make that Beauty mine.  
 My Legs, the Emblem of my various thought,  
 Shew to what sad distraction I am brought.  
 Sometimes with stubborn Honour, like this Boot,  
 My mind is guarded, and resolv'd to do't:  
 Sometimes, again, that very mind, by Love  
 Disarmed, like this other Leg does prove!

*Johns.* What pains Mr. *Bayes* takes to act this speech himself!

*Smi.* I, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

*Volsc.* Shall I to Honour or to Love give way?  
 Go on, cries Honour; tender Love saies, nay:  
 Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both Boots on;  
 But softer Love does whisper, put on none.  
 What shall I do? what conduct shall I find  
 To lead me through this twy-light of my mind?  
 For as bright Day with black approach of Night  
 Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light;  
 So does my Honour and my Love together  
 Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

[Exit with one Boot on, and the other off.]

*Johns.* By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a Combat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither side.

*Bayes.* Ay, is't not, I gad, ha? For, to go off hip hop, hip hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than any conclusion in the world, I gad. But, Sirs, you cannot make any judgement of this Play, because we are come but to the end of the second Act. Come the Dance. [Dance.]  
 Well, Gentlemen, you'll see this Dance, if I am not mistaken, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that,

*Smi.*



*Smi.* I don't know 'twill take, Sir; but I am sure you sweat hard for't.

*Bayes.* Ay, Sir, it costs me more pains and trouble, to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

*Smi.* By my troth; I think so, Sir,

*Bayes.* Not for the things themselves, for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day; but, I gad, these Players are such dull persons, that, if a man be not by upon every point, and at every turn, I gad, they'l mistake you, Sir, and spoil all.

*Enter a Player.*  
What, is the Funeral ready?

*Play.* Yes, Sir.

*Bayes.* And is the Lance fill'd with Wine?

*Play.* Sir, 'tis just now a doing.

*Bayes.* Stay then; I'll do it my self.

*Smi.* Come, let's go with him.

*Bayes.* A Match. But, Mr. *Johnson*, I gad, I am not like other persons; they care not what becomes of their things, so they can but get money for 'em; now, I gad, when I write, if it be not just as it should be, in every circumstance, I to every particular; I gad, I am not able to endure it, I am not my self; I'm out of my wits, and all that, I'm the strangest person in the whole world. For what care I for my money? I gad, I write for Fame and Reputation.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus tertii.*

**ACTUS**

## ACTUS IV. SCÆNA I.

*Bayes, and the two Gentlemen.*

*Bayes.* **G**entlemen, because I would not have any two things alike in this Play, the last Act beginning with a witty Scene of Mirth, I make this to begin with a Funeral.

*Smi.* And is that all your reason for it, Mr. Bayes?

*Bayes.* No, Sir, I have a precedent for it too. A person of Honour, and a Scholar, brought in his Funeral just so: and he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belong'd to a Funeral, as any man in England, I gad.

*Johns.* Nay, if that be so, you are safe.

*Bayes.* I gad, but I have another device, a frolick, which I think yet better than all this; not for the Plot or Characters, (for in my Heroick Plays, I make no difference, as to those matters) but for another contrivance.

*Smi.* What is that, I pray?

*Bayes.* Why, I have design'd a Conquest, that cannot possibly, I gad, be acted in less than a whole week: and I'll speak a bold word, it shall Drum, Trumpet, Shout and Battel, I gad, with any the most warlike Tragedy we have, either ancient or modern.

*Johns.* I, marry, Sir, there you say something.

*Smi.* And pray, Sir, how have you order'd this same frolick of yours?

*Bayes.* Faith, Sir, by the Rule of Romance. For example: they divide their things into three, four, five, six, seven, eight, or as many Tomes as they please: now, I would very fain know what should hinder me, from doing the same with my things. if I please?

*Johns.*

*Johns.* Nay, if you should not be Master of your own works, 'tis very hard.

*Bayes.* That is my sence. And therefore, Sir, whereas every one makes five Acts to one Play, what do me I, but make five Plays to one Plot: by which means the Auditors have every day a new thing.

*Johns.* Most admirably good, i'faith! and must certainly take, because it is not tedious.

*Bayes.* I, Sir, I know that, there's the main point. And then, upon *Saturday*, to make a close of all, (for I ever begin upon a *Monday*) I make you, Sir, a sixth Play, that sums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they should have forgot it.

*Johns.* That consideration, Mr. *Bayes*, indeed, I think will be very necessary.

*Smi.* And when comes in your share, pray Sir?

*Bayes.* The third week.

*Johns.* I vow, you'll get a world of money.

*Bayes.* Why, faith, a man must live: and if you don't, thus, pitch upon some new device, I gad, you'll never do it, for this Age (take it o' my word) is somewhat hard to please. There is one pretty odd passage, in the last of these Plays, which may be executed to several ways, wherein I'd have your opinion, Gentlemen.

*Johns.* Well, what is't?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, I make a Male person to be in Love with a Female.

*Smi.* Do you mean that, Mr. *Bayes*, for a new thing?

*Bayes.* Yes, Sir, as I have order'd it. You shall hear. He having passionately lov'd her through my five whole Plays, finding at last that she consents to his love, just after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghost, he kills himself. That's one way. The other is, that she coming at last to love him, with as violent a passion as he lov'd her, she kills her self. Now my question is, which of these two persons should suffer upon this occasion?

*Johns.* By my troth, it is a very hard case to decide.

*Bayes.* The hardest in the World, I gad; and has puzzled this pate very much. What say you, Mr. *Smith*?

*Smi.* Why, truly, Mr. *Bayes*, if it might stand with your justice, I should now spare 'em both.

*Bayes.* I gad, and I think — ha — why then, I'll make him hinder her from killing her self. Ay, it shall be so. Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

*Enter a Funeral, with the two Usurpers and Attendants.*  
Lay it down there: no, here, Sir. So, now speak.

*K. Vsh.* Set down the Funeral Pile, and let our grief Receive, from its embraces, some relief.

*K. Phyf.* Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,  
And, in life's stead, to leave us nought but death?  
The World discovers now its emptiness,  
And, by her loss, demonstrates we have less.

*Bayes.* Is not that good language now? is not that elevate?  
It's my *non ultra*, I gad. You must know they were both in love with her.

*Smi.* With her? with whom?

*Bayes.* Why, this is *Lardella's* Funeral.

*Smi.* *Lardella*! I, who is she?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, the Sister of *Drawcanfir*. A Lady that was drown'd at Sea, and had a wave for her Winding-sheet.

*K. Vsh.* *Lardella*, O *Lardella*, from above,  
Behold the Tragick issue of our Love.  
Pity us, sinking under grief and pain,  
For thy being cast away upon the Main.

*Bayes.* Look you now, you see I told you true.

*Smi.* I, Sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

*Bayes.* Ay, I gad, but you will not have patience; honest M. — a — you will not have patience.

*Johnf.* Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, who is that *Drawcanfir*?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, a fierce *Hero*, that frights his Mistress, snubs up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard to good manners, justice, or numbers.

*Johnf.* A very pretty Character.

*Smi.*

*Smi.* But, Mr. *Bayes*, I thought your *Heroes* had ever been men of great humanity and justice.

*Bayes.* Yes, they have been so; but, for my part, I prefer that one quality of singly beating of whole Armies, above all your moral vertues put together, I gad. You shall see him come in presently. Zookers, why don't you read the paper?

[To the Players.

*K. Phys.* O, cry you mercy.

[Goes to take the paper.

*Bayes.* Pish! nay you are such a fumbler. Come, I'll read it my self.

[Takes a paper from off the Coffin.

Stay, it's an ill hand, I must use my Spectacles. This, now, is a Copy of Verses, which I make *Lardella* compose, just as she is dying, with design to have it pin'd on her Coffin, and so read by one of the Usurpers, who is her Cousin.

*Smi.* A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr. *Bayes*.

*Bayes.* And what do you think I fancy her to make Love like, here, in the paper?

*Smi.* Like a Woman: what should she make Love like?

*Bayes.* O my word you are out though, Sir; I gad you are.

*Smi.* What then? like a man?

*Bayes.* No, Sir; like a Humble Bee.

*Smi.* I confess, that I should not have fancy'd.

*Bayes.* It may be so, Sir. But it is, though, in order to the opinion of some of your ancient Philosophers, who held the transmigration of the soul.

*Smi.* Very fine.

*Bayes.* I'll read the Title. To my dear Couz, King *Phys*.

*Smi.* That's a little too familiar with a King, though, Sir, by your favour, for a Humble Bee.

*Bayes.* Mr. *Smith*, for other things, I grant your knowledge may be above me; but, as for Poetry, give me leave to say, I understand that better: it has been longer my practice; it has indeed, Sir.

*Smi.* Your servant, Sir.

*Bayes.* Pray mark it.

Since death my earthly part will thus remove [Reads.  
I'll come a Humble Bee to your chaste love.



*The Rehearsal.*

With silent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz;  
 Or else, before you in the Sun-beams buz.  
 And when to Melancholy Groves you come,  
 An Airy Ghost, you'll know me by my Hum;  
 For sound, being Air, a Ghost does well become.

*Smi.* After a pause. Admirable!

*Bayes.* At night, into your bosom I will creep,  
 And buz but softly if you chance to sleep:-  
 Yet in your Dreams, I will pass sweeping by,  
 And then, both Hum and Buz before your eye.

*Johns.* By my troth, that's a very great promise.

*Smi.* Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

*Bayes.* Your bed of Love from dangers I will free;  
 But most from love of any future Bee,  
 And when with pity you heart-strings shall crack,  
 With empty arms I'll bear you on my back.

*Smi.* A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

*Bayes.* Ay, I gad, but is not, that *tuant* now, ha? is it not  
*tuant*? Here's the end.

Then at your birth of immortality,  
 Like any winged Archer, hence I'll fly,  
 And teach you your first flutt'ring in the Sky.

*Johns.* O rare! it is the most natural, refin'd fancy this,  
 that ever I heard, I'll swear.

*Bayes.* Yes, I think, for a dead person, it is a good enough  
 way of making love: for being divested of her Terrestrial  
 part, and all that, she is only capable of these little, pretty, a-  
 morous designs that are innocent, and yet passionate. Come,  
 draw your swords.

*K. Phys.* Come sword, come sheath thy self within this breast.  
 That in *Lardella's* Tomb can rest.

*K. Vsb.* Come, dagger, come, and penetrate this heart,  
 Which cannot from *Lardella's* Love depart.

*Enter Pallas.*

*Pal.* Hold, stop your murd'ring hands  
 At *Pallas's* commands:

For

For the supposed dead, O Kings,  
Forbear to act such deadly things.

*Lardella* lives : I did but try  
If Princes for their Loves could dye.

Such Celestial constancy  
Shall, by the Gods, rewarded be :  
And from these Funeral Obsequies  
A Nuptial Banquet shall arise.

[*The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is discover'd.*

*Bayes.* Now it's out. This is the very Funeral of the fair person which *Volscius* sent word was dead, and *Pallas*, you see, has turn'd it into a Banquet.

*Johns.* By my troth, now, that is new, and more than I expected.

*Bayes.* Yes, I knew this would please you : for the chief Art in Poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off some extraordinary way.

*K. Vsh.* Resplendent *Pallas*, we in thee do find  
The fiercest Beauty, and a fiercer mind :  
And since *Lardella's* life we owe  
We'll supple Statues in thy Temple grow.

*K. Phys.* Well, since alive *Lardella's* found;  
Let, in full Boles, her Health go round.

[*The two Usurpers take each of them a Bole in their hands.*

*K. Vsh.* But where's the Wine?

*Pal.* That shall be mine.

Lo, from this conquering Lance,  
Does flow the purest Wine of France : { Fills the Boles  
And, to appease your hungers, I { out of her Lance.  
Have, in my Helmet, brought a Pye :  
Lastly, to bear a part with these,  
Behold a Buckler made of Cheese. [Vanish *Pallas* :

*Enter Drawcanfir.*

*K. Phys.* What man is this that dares disturb our Feast?

*Draw.* He that dares drink, and for that drink dares dye,  
And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

*Johns.* That is as much as to say, that though he would ra-  
the

ther die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

*Bayes.* Right; that's the conceipt on't.

*Johns.* 'Tis a marvellous good one, I swear.

*K. Vsb.* Sir, if you please, we should be glad to know,  
How long you here will stay, how soon you'l go.

*Bayes.* Is not that now like a well-bred person, I gad? So modest, so gent!

*Smi.* O, very like.

*Draw.* You shall not know how long I here will stay;  
But you shall know I'll take my Boles away.

*{ Snatches the Boles out of the Kings  
hands, and drinks 'em off.*

*Smi.* But, Mr. *Bayes*, is that (too) modest and gent?

*Bayes.* No, I gad, Sir, but it's great.

*K. Vsb.* Though, Brother, this grum stranger be a Clown,  
He'll leave us, sure, a little to gulp down.

*Draw.* Who e'er to gulp one drop of this dares think  
I'll stare away his very pow'r to drink.

*{ The two Kings sneak off the Stage,  
with their Attendants.*

I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and stare;

And all this I can do, because I dare.

[*Exit.*

*Smi.* I suppose, Mr. *Bayes*, this is the fierce *Hero* you spoke of.

*Bayes.* Yes; but this is nothing: you shall see him, in the last Act, win above a dozen Battels, one after another, I gad, as fast as they can possibly be represented.

*Johns.* That will be a sight worth seeing, indeed.

*Smi.* But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why do you make the Kings let him use 'em so scurvily?

*Bayes.* Phoo! that is to raise the character of *Drawcanfir*.

*Johns.* O' my word, that was well thought on.

*Bayes.* Now, Sir, I'll shew you a Scene indeed; or rather, indeed, the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an Heroick Scene.

*Smi.* And pray, Sir, what is your design in this Scene?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, my design is *Roman* Cloaths, gilded Trunche-

*The Rehearsal.*

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Truncheons, ffore'd concept, smooth Verse, and a Rant: In fine, if this Scene does not take, I gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr. — a — nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the Stage.

*Smi.* Why fill the Stage?

*Bayes.* O, Sir, because your Heroick Verse never sounds well, but when the Stage is full.

SCÆNA II.

*Enter Prince Pretty-man, and Prince Volscius.*

**N** Ay, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this Scene is somewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out because they are not in love with the same Woman.

*Smi.* Not in love? you mean, I suppose, because they are in love, Mr. *Bayes*?

*Bayes.* No, Sir; I say not in love: there's a new concept for you. Now speak.

*Pret.* Since fate, Prince *Volscius*, has found out the way  
For our so long'd-for meeting here this day,  
Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

*Volsc.* I gladly would that story of thee learn;  
But thou to love dost, *Pretty-man*, incline:  
Yet love in thy breast is not love in mine.

*Bayes.* *Antithesis!* thine and mine.

*Pret.* Since love it self's the same, why should it be  
Differing in you from what it is in me?

*Bayes.* Reasoning; I gad, I love reasoning in verse.

*Volsc.* Love takes, *Cameleon*-like, a various dye  
From every Plant on which it self does lye.

*Bayes.* *Simile!*

*Pret.* Let not thy love the course of Nature fright:  
Nature does most in harmony delight.

*Volsc.* How weak a *Deity* would Nature prove  
Contending with the pow'rful God of Love?

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* There's a great Verse!

*Volf.* If Incense thou wilt offer at the Shrine  
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.  
Her Rosie-lips eternal sweets exhale;  
And her bright flames make all flames else look pale.

*Bayes.* I gad, that is right.

*Pret.* Perhaps dull Incense may thy love suffice;  
But mine must be ador'd with Sacrifice.  
All hearts turn ashes which her eyes controul:  
The Body they consume as well as Soul.

*Volf.* My love has yet a power more Divine;  
Victims her Altars burn not, but refine:  
Amidst the flames they ne'er give up the Ghost,  
But, with her looks, revive still as they roast.  
In spite of pain and death, they're kept alive:  
Her fiery eyes makes 'em in fire survive.

*Bayes.* That is as well as I can do.

*Volf.* Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail.

*Bayes.* Civil, I gad.

*Pret.* I'll sooner have a passion for a Whale:  
In whose vast bulk, though store of Oyl doth lye,  
We find more shape more beauty in a Fly.

*Smi.* That's uncivil, I gad.

*Bayes.* Yes; but as far a fetch'd fancy, though, I gad, as ever  
you saw.

*Volf.* Soft, *Pretty-man*, lett not thy vain pretence  
Of perfect love, defame loves excellence.

*Parthenope* is sure as far above  
All other loves, as above all is Love.

*Bayes.* Ah! I gad, that strikes me.

*Pret.* To blame my *Cloris*, Gods would not pretend.

*Bayes.* Now mark.

*Volf.* Were all Gods join'd, they could not hope to mend  
My better choice: for fair *Parthenope*,  
Gods would, themselves, un-god themselves to see.

*Bayes.* Now the Rant's a coming.

*Pret.*



## The Rehearsal.

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*Pret.* Durst any of the Gods be so uncivil,  
I'd make that God subscribe himself a Devil.

*Bayes.* Ah, Godsookers, that's well writ!

*Vols.* Could'st thou that God from Heav'n to Earth translate,  
He could not fear to want a Heav'nly State.

*Parthenope,* on Earth, can Heav'n create.

*Pret.* *Cloris* does Heav'n it self so far excel,  
She can transcend the joys of Heav'n in Hell.

*Bayes.* There's a bold flight for you now! 'Sdeath, I have  
lost my Peruke. Well, Gentlemen, this is that I never yet saw  
any one could write, but my self. Here's true spirit and  
flame all through, I gad. So, So; pray clear the Stage.

[He puts 'em off the Stage.

*Johns.* But Mr. *Bayes*, pray why is this Scene all in Verse?

*Bayes.* O, Sir, the subject is too great for Prose.

*Smi.* Well said, i'faith; I'll give thee a pot of Ale for that  
answer: 'tis well worth it.

*Bayes.* Come, with all my heart.

I'll make that God subscribe himself a Devil.

That single line, I gad, is worth all that my brother Poets  
ever writ. So, now let down the Curtain.

[Exeunt.

*Finis Actus Quarti.*

G

ACTUS.

## ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

Bayes, and the two Gentlemen.

*Bayes.* **N**OW, Gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'll shew you the greatest Scene that ever *England* saw : I mean not for words, for those I do not value ; but for state, shew, and magnificence. In fine I'll justifie it to be as grand to the eye every whit, I gad, as that great Scene in *Harry the Eighth*, and grander too, I gad ; for, instead of two Bishops, I have brought in two other Cardinals.

*The Curtain is drawn up, and the two usurping Kings appear in State, with the four Cardinals, Prince Pretty-man, Prince Volscius, Amarillis, Cloris, Parthenope, &c. before them, Herald and Sergeants at Arms with Maces.*

*Smi.* Mr. Bayes, pray what is the reason that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps ?

*Bayes.* Why, Sir, because ——— By gad, I won't tell you.

*Smi.* I ask your pardon, Sir.

*K. Vsh.* Now, Sir, to the business of the day.

*Volsc.* Dread Sovereign Lords, my zeal to you, must not invade my duty to your Son ; let me intreat that great Prince *Pretty-man* first do speak : whose high preheminance, in all things that do bear the name of good, may justly claim that privilege.

*Pres.* Royal Father, upon my knees I beg  
That the illustrious *Volscius* first be heard.

*Bayes.*

## The Rehearsal.

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*Bayes.* Here it begins to unfold : you may perceive, now, that he is his Son.

*Johns.* Yes, Sir ; and we are very much beholding to you for that discovery.

*Vols.* That preference is only due to *Amarillis*, Sir.

*Bayes.* I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

*Ama.* Invincible Sovereigns——

[Soft Musick.

*K. Vsh.* But stay, what sound is this invades our ears?

*K. Phys.* Sure 'tis the Musick of the moving Spheres.

*Pret.* Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far

A God like-Cloud, and a triumphant Carr :

In which, our two right Kings sit one by one,

With Virgin Vests, and Laurel Garlands on.

*K. Vsh.* Then, Brother *Phys*, 'tistime that we were gone.

{ *The two Usurpers steal out of the Throne,  
and go away.*

*Bayes.* Look you now, did not I tell you that this would be as easie a turn as the other ?

*Smi.* Yes, faith, you did so ; though, I confess, I could not believe you ; but you have brought it about, I see.

{ *The two right Kings of Brentford descend in the  
Clouds, singing in white garments ; and three  
Fidlers sitting before them, in green.*

*Bayes.* Now, because the two Right Kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the Tune and Stile of our modern Spirits.

1 *King.* Haste, Brother King, we are sent from above.

2 *King.* Let us move, let us move :

Move to remove the Fate

Of *Brentfords* long united State.

1 *King.* Tara, tara, tara, full East and by South,

2 *King.* We sail with Thunder in our mouth,

*The Rehearsal.*

In scorning noon-day, whil'st the the traveller staves,  
 Busie, busie, busie, busie, we bustle along.  
 Mounted upon warm *Phæbus* his Rayes,  
 Through the Heavenly throng,  
 Hasten to those

Who will feast us, at night, with a Pigs Petty-toes.

*1 King.* And we'll fall with our pate  
 In an *Ollio* of hate.

*2 King.* But now supper's done, the Servitors try,  
 Like Souldiers, to storm a whole half-moon-pye.

*1 King.* They gather, they gather hot Custard in spoons,  
 Alas, I must leave these half-moons,  
 And repair to my trusty Dragoons.

*2 King.* O stay, for you need not as yet go astray;  
 The Tyde, like a friend, has brought ships in our way,  
 And on their high-ropes we will play.  
 Like Maggots in Filberds, we'll snug in our shell,  
 We'll frisk in our shell,  
 We'll firk in our shell,  
 And farewell.

*1 King.* But the Ladies have all inclination to dance,  
 And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of *France*.

*Bayes.* Is not that pretty, now? The Fidlers are all in green.

*Smi.* I, but they play no Coranto.

*Johns.* No but they play a Tune, that's a great deal better.

*Bayes.* No Coranto quoth a! that's a good one, with all my heart. Come, sing on.

*2 King.* Now Mortals that hear  
 How we Tilt and Career,  
 With wonder will fear

The event of such things as shall never appear.

*1 King.* Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.

*2 King.* Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

*1 King.* So firmly resolv'd is a true *Brantsford* King  
 To save the distressed, and help to 'em bring,

That

That ere a Full-pot of good Ale you can swallow,  
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

[*Bayes phillips his finger, and sings after 'em.*

*Bayes.* He's here with a whoop; and gone with a holla.  
This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in  
with a Conjuror.

*Johns.* I, that would have been better.

*Bayes.* No, faith, not when you consider it: for thus 'tis  
more compendious, and does the thing every whit as  
well.

*Smi.* Thing! what thing?

*Bayes.* Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne, Sir;  
what thing would you have?

*Smi.* Well; but, methinks, the Sence of this Song is not  
very plain.

*Bayes.* Plain? why, did you ever hear any people in Clouds  
speak plain? They must be all for flight of fancie, at its full  
range, without the least check, or controul upon it. When  
once you tye up spirits, and people in Clouds to speak plain,  
you spoil all.

*Smi.* Bless me, what a Monster's this!

{*The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and  
step into the Throne.*

1 King. Come now to serious counsel we'l advance.

2 King. I do agree; but first, let's have a Dance.

*Bayes.* Right. You did that very well, Mr. *Cartwright*. But  
first, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that; be sure you  
do it always just so: for it must be done as if it were the ef-  
fect of thought, and premeditation. But first, let's have a  
Dance. Pray remember that.

*Smi.* Well, I can hold no longer, I must gag this rogue;  
there's no induring of him.

*Johns.* No, pr'ythee make use of thy patience a little lon-  
ger: let's see the end of him now.

[*Dance a grand Dance.*

*Bayes.* This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging  
to



to the Kings of *Brentford*; and since deriv'd, with a litte alteration, to the Inns of Court.

*An Alarm. Enter two Heralds.*

1 *King*. What sawcie Groom molests our privacies?

1 *Her*. The Army's at the door, and in disguise,  
Desires a word with both your Majesties:

2 *Her*. Having, from *Knights-Bridge*, hither march'd by stealth.

2 *King*. Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our health.

*Smi*. How, Mr. *Bayes*, the Army in disguise?

*Bayes*. Ay, Sir, for fear the Usurpers might discover them that went out but just now.

*Smi*. Why, what if they had discover'd them?

*Bayes*. Why then they had broke this design.

*Smi*. That's true, indeed. I did not think of that.

1 *King*. Here, take five Guineys for those warlike men.

2 *King*. And here's five more; that makes the sum just ten.

1 *Her*. We have not seen so much the Lord knows when.

[*Exeunt Heralds.*]

1 *King*. Speak on, brave *Amarillis*.

*Ama*. Invincible Sovereigns, blame not my modesty,  
If at this grand conjuncture—

[*Drum beats behind the Stage.*]

1 *King*. What dreadful noise is this that comes and goes?

*Enter a Souldier with his sword drawn.*

*Sould*. Haste hence, great Sirs, your Royal persons save,  
For the event of war no mortal knows:

The Army, wrangling for the gold you gave,  
First fell to words, and then to handy-blows. [*Exit.*]

2 *King*. O dangerous estate of Sovereign pow'r!  
Obnoxious to the change of every hour.

1 *King*. Let us for shelter in our Cabinet stay:  
Perhaps these threat'ning storms may pass away.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Johns*. But, Mr. *Bayes*, did not you promise us just now, to make *Amarillis* speak very well?

*Bayes*.

*Bayes.* Ay, and so she would have done, but that they hinder'd her.

*Smi.* How, Sir? whether you would or no?

*Bayes.* Ay, Sir; the Plot lay so that, I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

*Smi.* Marry, that was hard.

*John.* But, pray, who hinder'd her?

*Bayes.* Why, the battel, Sir, that's just coming in at door. And I'll tell you now a strange thing: though I don't pretend to do more than other men, I gad, I'll give you both a whole week to ghes how I'll represent this Battel.

*Smi.* I had rather be bound to fight your Battel, Sir, I assure you.

*Bayes.* Why, there's it now: fight a Battel? there's the common error. I knew presently where I should have you. Why, pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing, Can you think it a decent thing, in a Battel before Ladies, to have men run their Swords through one another, and all that?

*Johns.* No, faith, 'tis not civil.

*Bayes.* On the other side; to have a long relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is that but a dull prolixity?

*Johns.* Excellently reason'd, by my troth!

*Bayes.* Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both those Indecorums, I sum up my whole Battel in the representation of two persons only, no more: and yet so lively, that, I vow to gad, you would swear ten thousand men were at it, really engag'd. Do you mark me?

*Smi.* Yes, Sir; but I think I should hardly swear, though, for all that.

*Bayes.* By my troth, Sir, but you would, though, when you see it: for I make 'em both come out in Armor, *Cap-a-pea*, with their Swords drawn, and hung, with a scarlet Ribbon at their wrists, (which, you know, represents fighting enough) each of 'em holding a Lute in his hand.

*Smi.* How, Sir, instead of a Buckler?

*Bayes.* O Lord, O Lord! instead of a Buckler? Pray, Sir, do you ask no more questions. I make 'em, Sir, play the battle in *Recitativo*. And here's the conceit. Just at the very same instant that one sings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himself in a warlike posture: so that you have at once your ear entertained with Musick and good Language; and your eye satisfied with the garb, and accoutrements of war. Is not that well?

*Johns.* I, what would you have more? he were a Devil that would not be satisfi'd with that.

*Smi.* I confess, Sir, you stupifie me.

*Bayes.* You shall see.

*Johns.* But, Mr. *Bayes*, might not we have a little fighting? for I love those Plays, where they cut and slash one another upon the Stage, for a whole hour together.

*Bayes.* Why, then, to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both ways. But you shall have my *Recitativo* first.

*Enter, at several doors, the General, and Lieutenant General, arm'd Cap-a-pea, with each of them a Lute in his hand, and his sword drawn, and hung with a scarlet Ribbon at his wrist.*

*Lient.Gen.* Villain, thou lyest.

*Gen.* Arm, arm, *Gonsalvo*, arm; what ho?

The lye no flesh can brook, I trow.

*Lient.Gen.* Advance, from *Afion*, with the Musquetiers.

*Gen.* Draw down the *Chelsey* Curiafiers.

*Lient.Gen.* The Band you boast of, *Chelsey* Curiafiers,

Shall, in my *Putney* Pikes, now meet their Peers.

*Gen.* *Chiswickians*, aged, and renown'd in fight,

Join with the *Hammersmith* Brigade.

*Lient.Gen.* You'll find my *Mortlake* Boys will do them right,

Unless by *Fulham* numbers over-laid.

*Gen.* Let the left-wing of *Twick'nam* Foot advance,

And line that Eastern hedge.

*Lient.Gen.* The Horse I rais'd in *Petty-France*

Shall try their chance.

And scour the Medows, over-grown with Sedge.

*Gen.*

*Gen.* Stand: give the word.

*Lient. Gen.* Bright Sword.

*Gen.* That may be thine.

But 'tis not mine.

*Lient. Gen.* Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,

And let those recreant Troops perceive mine ire!

*Gen.* Pursue, pursue; they fly.

That first did give the lye.

[*Exeunt.*

*Bayes.* This, now, is not improper, I think, because the Spectators know all these Towns, and may easily conceive them to be within the Dominions of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

*Johns.* Most exceeding well design'd!

*Bayes.* How do you think I have contriv'd to give a stop to this battel?

*Smi.* How?

*Bayes.* By an Eclipse: Which, let me tell you, is a kind of fancy that was yet never so much as thought of, but by my self, and one person more, that shall be nameless. Come, come in, Mr. ———

*Enter Lieutenant General.*

*Lient. Gen.* What mid-night darkness does invade the day,  
And snatch the Victor from his conquer'd prey?

Is the Sun weary of this bloody fight,

And winks upon us with his eye of light?

'Tis an Eclipse. This was unkind, O Moon,

To clap between me, and the Sun so soon.

Foolish Eclipse: thou this in vain hast done;

My brighter honour had Eclips'd the Sun:

But now behold Eclipses two in one.

[*Exit.*

*Johns.* This is an admirable representation of a Battel, as ever I saw.

*Bayes.* I, Sir. But how would you fancy now to represent an Eclipse?

*Smi.* Why, that's to be suppos'd.

*Bayes.* Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your suppose: ha, ha, ha. Why, you may as well suppose the whole Play. No,

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it must come in upon the Stage, that's certain; but in some odd way, that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceit for't, that I am sure is new, and, I believe, to the purpose.

*Johns.* How's that?

*Bayes.* Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a Dialogue, between *Phæbus* and *Aurora*, in the *Slighted Maid*: which, by my troth, was very pretty; though, I think, you'll confess this is a little better.

*Johns.* No doubt on't, Mr. *Bayes*.

*Bayes.* But, Sir, you have heard, I suppose, that your Eclipse of the Moon, is nothing else, but an interposition of the Earth, between the Sun and Moon: as likewise your Eclipse of the Sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the Moon, betwixt the Earth and Sun?

*Smi.* I have heard so, indeed.

*Bayes.* Well, Sir; what do me I; but make the Earth, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey: hum? And, of necessity, by the very nature of this Dance, the Earth must be sometimes between the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between the Earth and Sun; and there you have both your Eclipses. That is new, I gad, ha?

*Johns.* That must needs be very fine, truly.

*Bayes.* Yes, there is some fancy in't. And then, Sir, that there may be something in't of a Joke, I make the Moon sell the Earth a bargain. Come, come out Eclipse to the Tune of Tom Tyler.

*Enter Luna.*

*Luna.* *Orbis, O Orbis.*

Come to me thou little rogue *Orbis*.

*Enter the Earth.*

*Orb.* What calls *Terra firma*, pray?

*Luna.* *Luna* that ne'r shines by day.

*Orb.* What means *Luna* in a veil?

*Luna.* *Luna* means to shew her tail.



Enter Sol.

Sol. Fie, Sister, fie; thou mak'st me muse,  
Derry, dery down.

To see thee Orb abuse.

Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move;  
Since I did it out of love.

Hey down, dery down.

Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,  
Thou pretty, pretty Moon?

Luna. To morrow soon, ere it be noon,  
On Mount Vesuvio.

Sol. Then I will shine.

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. And we will drink nothing but Lipary wine.

Omnes. And we, &c.

Bayes. So, now, vanish Eclipse, and enter t'other Battel, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

*A battel is fought between foot and great Hobby-horses. At last, Drawcanfir comes in, and kills 'em all on both sides. All this while the Battel is fighting, Bayes is telling them when to shoot, and shouts with em.*

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill;

But I, the blood of thousands daily spill.

Let petty Kings the names of Parties know:

Where e'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.

The swiftest Horsemen my swift rage controuls,

And from their Bodies drives their trembling souls:

If they had wings, and to the Gods could flie;

I would pursue, and beat 'em through the skie:

And make proud Jove, with all his Thunder, see

This single Arm more dreadful is, than he.

[Exit.

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. I have read of your Hector, your Achilles, and a hundred more; but I desie all your Histories, and your Romances too, I

gad, to shew me one such Conqueror, as this *Drawcan* *sir*.

*Johns*. I swear, I think you may.

*Smi*. But, Mr. *Bayes*, how shall all these dead men go off? for I see none alive to help 'em.

*Bayes*. Go off! why, as they came on, upon their legs: how should they go off? Why, do you think the people do not know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor man; your friend here is very silly, Mr. *Johnson*, I gad, he is. Come, Sir, I'll show you go off. Rise Sirs, and go about your business. There's go off for you. Hark you, Mr. *Ivory*. Gentlemen, I'll be with you presently. [Exit.

*Johns*. Will you so? then we'll be gone.

*Smi*. I, pr'ythee let's go, that we may preserve our hearing. One Battel more will take mine quite away.

[Exeunt.

*Enter Bayes and Players.*

*Bayes*. Where are the Gentlemen?

1 *Play*. They are gone, Sir.

*Bayes*. Gone! 'Sdeath, this last Act is best of all. I'll go fetch 'em again. [Exit.

3 *Play*. Stay, here's a foul piece of papyr of his. Let's see what 'tis. Reads. *The Argument of the Fifth Act.*

*Cloris*, at length, being sensible of Prince *Pretty-man*'s passion, consents to marry him; but, just as they are going to Church, Prince *Pretty-man*, meeting, by chance, with old *Joan* the Chandlers widow, and remembring it was she that first brought him acquainted with *Cloris*: out of a high point of honour, break off his match with *Cloris*, and marries old *Joan*. Upon which, *Cloris*, in despair, drowns herself: and Prince *Pretty-man*, discontentedly, walks by the River side.

1 *Play*. Pox on't, this will never do: 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt.

*Bayes*.

*Enter Bayes.*

*Bayes.* A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me sweat; to run after 'em. A couple of fenceless raskals, that had rather go to dinner than see this play out, with a pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come Mr. — a — Where are you, Sir? come away quick, quick.

*Enter Players again.*

*Play.* Sir, they are gone to dinner.

*Bayes.* Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

*Play.* Why, an't please your worship, Sir, the Players are gone to dinner too.

*Bayes.* How! are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impossible: the Players gone to dinner! I gad, if they are, I'll make 'em to know what it is to injure a person that does 'em the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, cross-grain'd persons, and all that. I gad, I'll make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world for this trick. I gad I'll be reveng'd on 'em; I'll sell this play to the other House.

*Play.* Nay, good, Sir, don't take away the Book; you'll disappoint the Town, that comes to see it acted here, this afternoon.

*Bayes.* That's all one. I must reserve this comfort to myself, my Book and I will go together; we will not part indeed, Sir. The Town! why, what care I for the Town? I gad, the Town has us'd me as scurvily, as the Players have done: but I'll be reveng'd on them too; I will both Lampoon and print 'em too, I gad. Since they will not admit of my Plays, they shall know what a Satyrist I am. And so farewell to this Stage for ever, I gad.

[Exit.]

*1 Play.* What shall we do now?

*2 Play.*

*The Rehearsal.*

2 *Play*. Come then, let's set up Bills for another Play: We shall lose nothing by this I warrant you.

1 *Play*. I am of your opinion. But before we go, let's see *Haynes* and *Shirley* practise the last Dance; for that may serve for another Play.

2 *Play*. I'll call 'em: I think they are in the Tiring-room.

*The Dance done.*

1 *Play*. Come, come; let's go away to dinner.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

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## EPILOGUE.

**T**He Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?  
That circumstance our Poet Bayes forgot.  
And we can boast though 'tis a plotting Age,  
No place is freer from it than the Stage.  
The Ancients plotted; though, and strove to please  
With sence that might be understood with ease;  
They every Scene with so much wit did store,  
That who brought any in, went out with more:  
But this new way of wit does so surprise,  
Men lose their wits in wondring where it lyes.  
If it be true, that Monstrous births presage  
The following mischiefs that afflict the Age,  
And sad disasters to the State proclaim;  
Plays, without head or tail, may do the same.  
Wherefore, for ours, and for the Kingdoms peace,  
May this prodigious way of writing cease.  
Let's have, at least, once in our lives, a time  
When we may hear some reason, not all Rhyme:  
We have these ten years felt its Influence;  
Pray let this prove a year of Prose and Sence.

FINIS.